

Strokin' by buckyjbarnes

Series: [Harringrove's wank bank \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

“Edging,” Steve says almost in a whisper. Billy looks up from his work to Steve, confused and with his pencil still in his hand. Steve keeps scribbling with his pen.

“What?” Billy asks confused. He hadn’t heard him right and he also didn’t understand what Steve was talking about.

“Shh,” Steve says, still not looking at him, “I said, edging.”

Billy rolls his eyes and asks a little bit annoyed, “What the fuck’s that supposed to mean?”

“You’ll find out today later.” Steve answers, going for mysterious, but he totally gives himself away when the corners of his lips tug up a little bit in a secretive smile.

Billy catches on immediately then.

Strokin'

Author's Note:

i'm back with some more filth for y'all !!! excuse the tittle lmao (again, i'm sure it is a song) but it is very appropriate for what we deal with here...hope you like it!! and if you do, leave comments because i LOVE reading them.

ps. I only ever half proof-read my shit so i'm sorry for any mistakes lmao i hope they are not too bad

Billy wonders where is Steve getting all these ideas from. He knows it isn't from porn, because Steve doesn't buy those stories that are usually far in the back of the bookstore. He also knows he doesn't buy porn magazines. He's expended enough time around the guy to know that much.

He asks him as much one day, being truly puzzled. He likes the thought of Steve just having a very *creative* mind, but he has to be sure.

"Where are you getting all these ideas from anyway?" Billy asks one day when they are lazily lying on Steve's bed while listening to some new tapes he'd bought.

"What ideas?"

"Y'know what I'm talking about." Billy says with no heat, just kind of states it like it's obvious while staring at the ceiling.

Steve stays silent, so Billy turns his head to look at him, and he sees him smiling mischievously with his eyes closed.

“Not gonna tell me?” Billy asks after a while of looking at Steve expectantly.

“Nope, because then it wouldn’t be a surprise anymore.”

“Alright, pretty boy, if you say so.”

Billy would push Steve to give him an answer if this was a different situation, but he kind of likes the idea of being surprised with new ways of having mind-blowing sex with his boyfriend. Billy just smiles and looks at the ceiling again, enjoying Steve’s company and the music.

The next thing he suggests they do, even he hadn’t heard of. Billy’s kind of caught off-guard when Steve just blurts it out.

They are doing homework, sat far in the back of the library, as they usually do. It is very quiet and Billy’s quite concentrated on what he’s doing. He can hear the sound of his pencil scraping against the paper,

and he can also feel Steve's knee against his own. He likes how calm everything feels.

Then Steve breaks the atmosphere by blurting something out. Billy doesn't catch right on.

"Edging," Steve says almost in a whisper. Billy looks up from his work to Steve, confused and with his pencil still in his hand. Steve keeps scribbling with his pen.

"What?" Billy asks confused. He hadn't heard him right and he also didn't understand what Steve was talking about.

"Shh," Steve says, still not looking at him, "I said, edging."

Billy rolls his eyes and asks a little bit annoyed, "What the fuck's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll find out later today." Steve answers, going for mysterious, but he totally gives himself away when the corners of his lips tug up a little bit in a secretive smile.

Billy catches on immediately then.

"...Alright." He says quietly, not tearing his gaze off from the side of Steve's face for a while. Steve looks unbothered and keeps doing his homework. The intrigue and anticipation eat Billy up, so he

haphazardly finishes his own homework and starts throwing small balls of paper at Steve until he pays Billy attention.

He's heard and even wanted to try the first part of what Steve's proposing; the second part though, he isn't sure how he's going to manage.

Steve explains to him what 'edging' meant once they sat down on Steve's couch. Billy didn't even need to ask him first.

"So, remember what I said in the library?" Steve says looking at him, "well, first I'd like to tie you up. How'd you feel about it?"

Billy's eyes go wide. He loves Steve fucking Harrington.

"Sure, why the fuck not? sounds hot." Billy says, already getting aroused with anticipation and getting closer to Steve.

Steve raises his hand before Billy gets too close. "That's just a part of what I wanna try...Let me explain what 'edging' means before you get too excited, yeah?"

Billy just stops right where he is and looks puzzled.

“So ‘edging’ means I either ride you, blow you or give you a handjob - that’s your pick - but don’t allow you to cum ‘til I say you can. You also gotta like, tell me when when you are close to cumming so I stop whatever it is I’m doing and don’t let it happen.”

Billy is speechless. The casual way Steve says it leaves him even more speechless. What Steve’s suggesting sounds absolutely fucking *hot* , and while he can control himself just fine and not come like some virgin, being under someone else’s complete control *in that sense* sounded kind of crazy to him. He liked letting go during sex, but this was on a complete different level. He was thrilled, but didn’t know what to say right away.

After a while, a sort of concerned Steve says, “Look...we don’t have to do it if you don’t want to?...I- We’ve...been doin’ pretty much everything I wanted and if you don’t-”

“Steve,” Billy says cutting him off, understanding that Steve has misinterpreted his bewilderment with regret or offense or *something* , “shut up. I do want to give it a try, alright?”

“Ok,” Steve says looking at him still expectant, “but, y’know, only if you’re sure.”

“I am,” Billy says, smiling a bit, like he only does when he’s with Steve. “ and ‘s gonna be *real* fun, princess.”

Billy is tied up to the handles of Steve's dad big office chair. He almost feels guilty that they've chosen to deflower the immaculate and expensive looking thing. In his defense, he can say that it was Steve's idea.

It is always Steve's idea, but Billy never complains.

Steve had started everything by making out with Billy, slowly and sensual, like a suggestion that something else *could* happen. He was all tongue, and lingering bites on Billy's lips. Then he had slowly started taking Billy's clothes off, while biting and sucking everywhere he could. Billy was sure he could come from that attention alone. Steve touched him everywhere *but* where Billy wanted him to touch, very carefully kissing and biting and sucking right above his dick, on his thighs, his stomach, his neck, while he also played with his nipples. He was trembling with how overwhelmed he felt.

Then he had stopped kissing him, slowly again, looked at him with a heated face, and then left him gasping in the chair, all by himself for a minute. When he came back, he had gotten rid of his clothes and was just wearing his calvins, and carrying two red ties in his hand. Billy felt like he was in a dream.

Steve approached him slowly, grabbed his hand and kissed it first, then positioned it over the handle of the chair, and started to tighten the tie around his wrist. It wasn't painful or anything, just enough to

prevent Billy from moving his hands. Steve repeated the same with his other hand; he kissed it and then tied it to the chair.

Billy was still panting and his arousal got even intensified with the anticipation of what was going to happen. He felt like he would die if Steve didn't touch him soon.

Steve placed a chair right in front of Billy and before he did anything, he looked at Billy's leaking dick with a hungry expression. Steve was breathing a little bit harsher than normal and licking his lips, looking like *he* was the one who basically had his brains fucked out.

Even in his haze, Billy noticed the small wet patch on Steve's Calvins and smirked a little bit. He liked the idea of turning Steve on so much he could come in his pants without Billy touching him. But then his mind went completely blank, because Steve was suddenly spitting on his palm and wrapping it around Billy.

Billy was breathless, and couldn't help but close his eyes and kind of lean further into the leather of the chair. Steve was giving him perhaps, the most enthusiastic handjob he'd ever gotten; like as if they were playing their soggy biscuit thing and Billy would win if he came the fastest. Steve was relentless once he wrapped his hand tightly around Billy's dick: he started pumping and curling his fist up and down, not focusing on the underside or thumbing the frenulum - like he always would - or sneaking a little bit of tongue in the equation, just hard and fast and fucking *brutal*. Billy's head was spinning.

"S...Ste- Steve!" Billy was trying not to whimper too much.

“You like it, baby?” Steve whispers, looking up at Billy.

Billy just moans in response, not bothering to open his eyes or anything, feeling like everything was too much.

“Look at me, Billy.”

And Billy does, through half lidded eyes, because Steve’s hand suddenly becomes even more brutal and he has to fucking use all his willpower not to start sobbing like a little bitch, but he kind of fails anyways, because Steve looks like he’s hungry for Billy (about to eat him up actually), and Billy’s only human, so he about loses it.

His dick pulses, panting and choking back a moan. Steve must’ve felt that he was just about to cum helplessly, so he speaks up in a low voice.

“What’d I tell ya, Billy?” Steve says lowly, removing his hand completely from around Billy’s dick, to instead fondle with his balls. “I told you, you *have* to tell me when you’re about to cum.”

“I-I...I...” Billy says in between pants. He can’t think straight, much less talk, but he does remember what Steve told him about anticipating his orgasms.

“This is not helpin’ you, babe,” Steve leans in closer - *way too close-*

to Billy's mouth, "if you're not good, then you won't be cumming any time soon."

Then Steve leans back in his own chair, and wraps his hand loosely around Billy's dick. It was flushed, throbbing and painful, but Steve seemed unphased by its aspect, and by how Billy cried out throwing his head back. Just when Billy closed his eyes, Steve starts moving his hand, agonizingly slow. Billy's thighs tremble, and he's choking back moans unsuccessfully while he pants.

Steve tortured him like this for a bit, and then started that brutal pace again, causing Billy to almost black out. He tugged on the ties restraining his wrists, unsuccessfully trying to free himself. Billy cries out in frustration and pleasure, opening his eyes and looking at Steve, who's biting his lip, and that's all Billy needs, because he immediately feels the warmth coiling in his core, and he knows he's about to cum. He thinks of just saying fuck it, and cumming even if Steve gets mad, but then he decides that if he's *good* he might get to fuck Steve and cum inside his ass, so in a split second, while he moans (admittedly, like a little bitch) he croaks out a weak "c-close! close!..." and Steve stops all over again, massaging his thighs and moving his hands up to his torso, and then to his nipples. Billy can't help but hiss and squirm in his seat.

Billy never thought this would be this hard; he really has to summon all his willpower in order to not shoot right there and then, just by looking at Steve and having his hands teasing his nipples. Billy wants to *scream* .

Steve goes back to his dick, and starts stroking, but he's panting too, maybe just as much as Billy is; the wet patch on his boxers turning darker, and his pupils blown wild. He looks about ready to lose it too. This doesn't stop him, because in a moment, he's fucking his fist over

Billy's dick, and Billy is squirming in his seat; the flush from his cheeks spreading all the way to his neck and chest, and he's whimpering and sobbing. He wants to beg Steve, but Billy never begs, even if he feels like he might drop dead if Steve stops jerking him off right now.

"Billy," Steve says in between pants, "how bad d'ya wanna come?"

"F-Fuck...Fuck Steve!" Billy says with a broken voice, "I-Steve, you'll fuckin' kill me if you stop,"

"Are you close?" Steve says in a low voice Billy has never heard before. It makes Billy moan and close his eyes.

"Christ, Fuck!..Yes! Yes!" Billy practically shouts, tugging on the ties restraining him.

And just as Billy feels it coming, Steve removes his hand from his dick. Billy wants to cry in frustration. He hates this, but *loves* it at the same time. He loves how everything feels almost unreal, like he's dreaming or something, the only thing reminding him that this is actually happening is his heavy and swollen cock that *hurts* in the best fucking way.

Steve just stares at him, massaging his thighs. Billy's panting hard, barely holding Steve's gaze. He notices that Steve has removed his underwear, and now sits naked and really fucking hard against his own stomach. He's leaking precum. Billy squirms involuntarily a little bit.

Then Steve just grabs Billy's dick, leaning a little bit forward, and guides the head of Billy's dick to rub against his right nipple. Billy's precum smears all over it, and he moans at how fucking *hot* the sight is. He doesn't have time to register it completely though, because suddenly Steve's wrapping his lips around the head of his dick, and Billy sobs helplessly. He's now gripping the handles of the chair with all his might, while Steve just sucks on the head of his dick, twirling his tongue around, playing with the slit and the frenulum deliberately. It feels so good. that a couple tears actually scape Billy's eyes, and he's sure he's gonna come. His thighs, where Steve's hands rest on, start to tremble and he begins to whimper and hiss like crazy. He's gonna come and he wants it so fucking bad, but against his better judgement he grits out a weak "close," and Steve removes his sweet mouth from his dick.

Billy's full on crying at this point. He doesn't give a shit.

He supposes he must be a complete fucking mess, because Steve bites his lip and tries unsuccessfully to choke back a moan once he gets a good look at Billy. He starts bouncing his leg and he looks like he's deciding something, but Billy's too busy sobbing while his tears cloud his eyes and his body and mind scream at him for release, so he doesn't really care.

Steve groans and says "Fuck it," while standing, and Billy doesn't understand anything, but then Steve is straddling his hips, and kissing Billy's neck, until he reaches his ear and whispers hotly, "I'm riding you 'til you come," And then he actually adjusts himself, and effortlessly lowers his hips on Billy's aching dick.

Billy is delirious. He's sure as fuck he sees stars.

Steve moans and throws his head back, and doesn't wait to adjust to anything, just shivers a little bit and starts bouncing up and down on Billy's dick, while he strokes his own - he always does it when he rides Billy's dick and it is always a sight to fucking behold - and the hot tightness of Steve's ass, plus the way he so shamelessly fucks himself on Billy's dick and moans, has Billy whimpering and tugging on his restraints. He can't take it anymore, he's fucked out and he can't think straight. He's pretty sure his dick is about to explode like a fucking bomb or something. Everything is too much.

Steve rides his dick so good, moving his hips in a circle and making Billy cry out in pleasure. Steve pants and fucks his own fist over his dick, whimpering softly and then biting his lip. He's also flushing all the way to his neck, his pale skin looking like he's glowing and Billy briefly thinks that this is one of his wet dreams come true.

Steve does something then, like fucking himself on Billy's dick up and down but also forth, like he's aiming for the sweet spot inside him, and he seems to find it fairly easy, because then he starts letting Billy's dick slip out of him almost all the way, to sit back down all over again until Billy's practically balls deep inside him, hitting Steve in the same place every time. It feels fucking wonderful, and it is all enhanced by the sounds of his own worked breaths and Steve's loud moaning, and then he feels the heat pooling low in his belly, and his dick throbs inside Steve. He can't help but open his mouth in an 'o' shape and then he's frantically saying "I'm coming...Shit! Ste-Steve, fuck! I'm-" and Steve keeps fucking himself on his dick and removes his hand from around his own dick. He immediately starts flicking Billy's nipples, croaking out a "Go ahead, baby", and that's all it takes for his entire body to begin to tremble; the sweet, sweet release making him cry out brokenly, throwing his head back and closing his eyes tightly. All his muscles are spasming, and he almost blacks out, unable to breathe properly but still riding through his orgasm.

In his daze, he hears Steve start to groan and then gasp sharply, feeling the hot cum smearing on his stomach. Steve becomes putty after that, because he collapses against Billy with labored breaths and small *mewls* . He wraps his arms around Billy's neck, and starts a lazy, filthy kiss that's all tongue and drool. Billy melts into it.

When they both gain their breath back, Steve unties Billy's wrists, and he practically wraps himself around Steve; it's automatic. Steve's still sitting on his lap and Billy's still inside of him, but he's rubbing Billy's sweaty back, and he's kissing the top of Billy's head. Billy sighs happily.

Billy feels peace, and he just lets go for a bit, nuzzling into Steve's chest and feeling his warmth, tightening his grip around his waist.

"You do know that I only let you get away with this kinda shit because it's *you* , right, pretty boy?" Billy speaks eventually into Steve's chest.

Steve huffs out a breathless laugh, saying quietly, "Yeah, yeah. Thank you, by the way." He pauses, and starts stuttering dumbly a string of "I...you...I-"

Billy raises his head from where it is nuzzled and looks at Steve with his eyebrows raised in amusement, "Yeah, I love you too, asshole."

Steve just smiles that million dollar smile at Billy, and that's the moment he realizes how *fucking far gone* he is. He doesn't regret a

thing, not even the so called 'edging'.

Author's Note:

if anyone's wondering, Steve kind of gets 'ready' - as in opens himself up - when he goes to get the ties (he does it cause he planned the whole thing since the beginning bc he's a lil shit)... he doesn't just sit on Billy's dick, that'd hurt lmao. I include this here because it just doesnt fit inside the fic sorry lmao

also!!!! if any of you know where the phrase "you'll kill me if you stop" comes from, you should tell me and we should be FRIENDS.